

PUBLICITY THE BEST CURE FOR FOOD PROFITEERING.

FACTS FROM ALL QUARTERS FOR "THE PEOPLE'S" CAMPAIGN.

The article entitled "No Christmas Food Ramp!" published in "The People" last week, has aroused extraordinary interest.

Great numbers of letters discussing the vital subject of the price of our foodstuffs have reached us. Most of these are congratulatory, but some are abusive. It is most significant that—

Both retailer and manufacturer admit the existence of the food ramp.

Food problems must be faced with frankness and determination. To-day the housewife buys in the dark. The manufacturer does not know what profit the middleman makes, and the retailer likewise is ignorant of the middleman's gain on a transaction. For that reason and for his own protection he conceals his own profit from consumers.

There is only one way to reduce the cost of food. That is to defeat the "rings" that fix the prices and to inquire into the production costs of each article, fix a fair profit for the wholesaler, middleman and retailer, and from time to time revise the findings of the authorities appointed for the inquiries.

Following the report of the Linlithgow Committee, it is to be hoped that all bakers throughout the country will come into line with those in London.

Before a standard low-priced loaf can be introduced, the cost of the various commodities required in manufacture must be lowered.

The case of the baker is put by Mr. R. W. Greensmith, of Dalmuir Lees, near Derby, who has been a reader of "The People" for many years.

"There is not one person in 50 who would look at bread made from flour at 6s. per sack," he writes. "You forget that the coal we use for baking, which could be bought at one time for 12s. 6d. a ton, now costs 3s."

"**TMRE IS A RAMP.**" A grocer of Walsall writes:

"There is admittedly a ramp, but it is not the wholesaler or the retailer, but the huge combines controlling the supplies coming into the country.

He also takes to task certain American packers for holding up the supply until the demand became exceedingly brisk. Then a further issue was forthcoming at advanced prices.

"How can the retailer help this kind of thing?" he asks.

Some letters deal with the difference in prices in London and the Midlands.

"Why should London retailers charge more for commodities than their northern confreres who have to pay car-

FINANCE FOR THE PEOPLE.

SPLITTING TEA SHARES.

(By OUR CITY REPRESENTATIVE.)

From time to time, when dealing with the activity that for a considerable period now has characterised the market for tea shares, we have taken the line, in the interest of the small investor, that the sound shares of high face value and higher price in the market, should be split into denominations of £1. Over a number of years the average return on such shares is good enough to make them worth purchasing, but hitherto dealings have been too restricted to the hands of the dealers and large investors, because the small man's purse would be unduly strained in buying.

We are glad, therefore, to find evidence of a growing movement to convert the larger scrip into smaller shares. This should have the dual advantage of enabling the capital of the companies to be spread over a much wider area than in the past, so that the market in the shares should be considerably more dependable than before.

The Bengal United, all of whose shares at present are of £10 each, and the Cachar and Doosar, which is situated similarly, are the latest to intimate their decisions to cater for the small investor. Such action

means that a relatively higher price will be reached in the market by the £1 shares than would rule if they remained of £10 denomination.

STOCK MARKET SURVEY.

The past week has been a broken one in the Stock Exchange owing to the usual November 1 holiday. While, the volume of business in progress has continued limited, the general tone of markets has been more cheerful, the prospect of America's being appointed, in which America would participate, to investigate German affairs encouraging more hopeful views regarding the international political outlook.

Gilt-edged securities have continued in steady demand, the success of recent new issues being a stimulating influence. The offer of over £50,000,000 of 4½ per cent. debentures by the London Electric and City and South London Railways was rapidly taken up, and the lists were closed well in advance of the scheduled time.

The Foreign market has continued under the influence of the exchanges, and not much of interest has developed, the best features being provided by one or two Central American Government stocks, notably Ecuador Salt bonds, which have been favourably affected by the prospect of the debt being placed on a sound basis, including the payment of arrears of interest.

Interest in Industrial descriptions remains at a low ebb, and the best that can be said for them is that prices, on the whole, are fairly well maintained.

Iron and steel shares have derived a little benefit from the schemes for dealing with unemployment, while the maintenance of Guest Keen's interim dividend at 5 per cent., free of tax, was regarded as encouraging. Tobacco shares have quite fallen into the background, but Brewery issues have come in for increased attention. Huggins Ordinary being notably strong on persistent rumours of amalgamation. The Oil share market has been the centre of considerable activity, and while business is mainly professional, the recovery in prices has made further good progress.

A very satisfactory report has been issued by the Trinidad Leasetholds Co. net profits, after providing £157,000 for depreciation, against £138,000 a year ago, coming out at £133,200, as compared with £54,200. Shareholders are to receive a dividend of 10 per cent., this being the first distribution since 1920, when 12½ per cent. was paid.

Tax shares have come into renewed demand, but Rubbers, though firm, have remained quiet.

AUSTIN MOTORS. After a very difficult round of experience the Austin Motor Company has come out on top. The measure of its recovery, and of the popularity of its products, may be seen from the fact that during nine months to September last a gross trading profit of £341,700 was earned, in contrast with £398,800 for the previous twelve months. Maintenance of buildings and plant and depreciation are provided for on a liberal scale, and after charging them off there is a net profit of £225,500. The balance sheet also will display a very much improved position, and the Board lets it be known that the whole of next year's output is contracted for already.

DALGETY'S IMPROVEMENT. A very satisfactory improvement in results is shown in the report of Dalgety and Co., the well-known Australasian merchants, for the year to the end of June last. Net profit comes out at £224,182, against £225,759 a year ago, but this latter figure included a sum of £15,210 in respect of Excess Profit Duty refunded, so that the actual improvement is very much greater than would appear at first glance.

Ordinary shareholders again receive a total distribution of 15 per cent., free of tax, and the carry forward is increased from 100 to 115 per cent.

The company now has a reserve fund amounting to £1,000,000, and, generally, its financial position is extremely strong; while the outlook for the current year is regarded hopefully by the directors, the position both in Australia and New Zealand having improved considerably.

Another step in the interest of the consumer is the new regulation of the Ministry of Health concerning the four classes of condensed milk. Each class must be accurately described and must bear the name and address of the manufacturers or the name of the person or company in England for whom it is manufactured.

WORKERS' SEARCHLIGHT. BY ANDREW BUCHANAN, J.P.

AMID the gloomy reports one reads as to trade conditions it is satisfactory to find brighter patches here and there, for instance, large orders have been received at John Summers and Sons' ironworks from the Japanese Government, and plenty of work is assured the ironworkers for some time to come.

In the Cleveland district ironmasters have had a rush of orders and are, as one put it, "hard put to it to cope with the demand." Again, as a result of the Russian grain export scheme the crushing mills closed since 1917 at Odessa, Moscow, Petrograd and Lihau are to be reopened and orders for machinery and electrical plant are being placed in this country. There is such an export boom in the timplate trade that there is an actual shortage of labour in South Wales. Lastly, Mr. Brooke, Normandy Park Steelworks, told Scunthorpe and Frodingham Chamber of Commerce that production had increased and "there was little likelihood of any shortage of work during the coming winter." It is devoutly to be hoped that this revival will extend.

FURTHER SIGNS. Apropos of the above paragraph, the quarterly analysis of the "Economist" giving the reports of over 200 companies affords interesting reading. The profits of these companies last quarter show a gain of over £17,000,000, or 100 per cent. for the same quarter last year. The index figure of profits for the third quarter in the last three years is:—

1921 1922 1923
57.6 44.1 73

The largest increases have been made by iron and steel concerns with a rise of 222.5 per cent., and textiles with 104.8 per cent.

SHORTAGE OF LABOUR. A singular state of affairs exists in "Auld Robbie." The Edinburgh Town Council are

erecting 1,774 houses, but the work is retarded by a lack of bricklayers. Only 25 are available, and remaining houses in the city have been employed on private buildings, while another 100 have left for America to take advantage of the high wages there.

OUTSTANDING PROFITERS.

Undoubtedly one of the big sights of the future will be against the profiters. In this regard Mr. Percy Hurd, M.P., vice-chairman of the Linlithgow Committee, has asked to task certain American packers for holding up the supply until the demand became exceedingly brisk. Then a further issue was forthcoming at advanced prices.

"How can the retailer help this kind of thing?" he asks.

A correspondent asks me to state how the reductions in London's rates which I referred to are arrived at. Here is the table:

	1922-23	1923-24	1922-23
Camberwell ...	16 8	11 6	5 3
Shoreditch ...	15 10	18 10	5 0
Southwark ...	15 11	11 10.8	4 0.5

WAGES.

It is extraordinary that in nearly all trades the unskilled workers have secured more in wages than the skilled workers. In shipbuilding and engineering (according to the Labour Gazette) the wages are only 18 per cent. above pre-war level as against the 75 per cent. cost of living increase. Agricultural workers are from 100 to 150 above pre-war and building trade workers from 80 to 114. In all cases it is noticeable that the trades not affected by foreign competition are best off.

LONDON RATES.

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A USEFUL GUIDE.

Recently there has been published by Messrs. Pitman's at the price of 7s. 6d. a work entitled "The Stockbrokers' Office." The author, Mr. Julius E. Day, might

OLD COMRADES' CALENDAR.

Royal Scots (London Branch)—White drive and garage, at Veterans' Club, Holloway, on Nov. 20. P.M. Mr. G. H. Herbert, B.Sc., Headmaster, W.B. Royal Navy, Duxford, Cambridge, on Nov. 21. P.M. Mr. Paul's, Covent Garden, Nov. 20, 11 a.m. Welcome Reception, luncheon at Gaiety Strand, Strand, on Nov. 21. P.M. Mr. J. H. B. B. Headmaster, Tickets, 5s., from E. L. Burton, 32, Southampton-street, Strand. Standard Purifiers—Armistice dinner, Nov. 20. Northcote Head Hotel, Maiden Lane, on Nov. 20. Tickets, 7s. 6d. ladies invited.—A. Warre, 247, St. George's, Bloomsbury. Field Co. R.E. (London)—Reception, Nov. 20. Particulars from Mr. E. Rogers, 180, Brixton-road, London, S.E. 1. Field Co. R.E. (London)—Annual dinner, Nov. 20. Particulars and participation from Sec. Mr. E. Rogers, 180, Brixton-road, London, S.E. 1.

11th M.C.—Annual reunion dinner and concert, at Pinch's Restaurant, Wardour-st., W.1. Mr. B. S. G. and Mr. C. Lucas, The Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Essex, on Nov. 20. P.M.

12th M.C.—Annual dinner, Nov. 20. P.M. Mr. J. A. C. and Mr. J. C. Lucas, The Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Essex, on Nov. 20. P.M.

13th M.C.—Annual dinner, Nov. 20. P.M. Mr. J. A. C. and Mr. J. C. Lucas, The Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Essex, on Nov. 20. P.M.

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20th M.C.—Annual dinner, Nov. 20. P.M. Mr. J. A. C. and Mr. J. C. Lucas, The Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Essex, on Nov. 20. P.M.

21st M.C.—Annual dinner, Nov. 20. P.M. Mr. J. A. C. and Mr. J. C. Lucas, The Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Essex, on Nov. 20. P.M.

22nd M.C.—Annual dinner, Nov. 20. P.M. Mr. J. A. C. and Mr. J. C. Lucas, The Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Essex, on Nov. 20. P.M.

23rd M.C.—Annual dinner, Nov. 20. P.M. Mr. J. A. C. and Mr. J. C. Lucas, The Chelmsford, Chelmsford, Essex, on Nov. 20. P.M.

THE BROTHERHOOD MOVEMENT.

"The People" gives below brief reports of Brotherhood activities in the various localities.

A fine piece of social service work is reported from Derbyshire.

The Brotherhood Federation at its annual meeting elected Mr. Jos. Peach as its new President, and Mr. H. Meakin and Mr. A. E. Barber as secretary and treasurer respectively. Councillor Tom Taylor, Social Service Agent, reported that widows had been assisted in their pension appeals to the number of 73; old-age pension cases, 277; rent cases, 60; hospital cases, 175; and gifts of clothing, food, etc., 800; miscellaneous cases, 707. Mr. John Clee, Director of Social Service for the National Movement, addressed the meeting on this side of the Movement.

Leighton Buzzard.—This Brotherhood will hold its annual meeting on November 11, when Robert Young, M.P., will deliver a special address. The Sec. is Mr. S. F. Drew, 17, Market-street, Leighton Buzzard.

Essex and Suffolk Federation.—A series of meetings are being held this week-end at Maldon (Essex). Ald. Brown (National President), Mr. G. W. Tufley (Org. Sec.) and Mrs. E. B. Bolland (Nottingham), Brotherhood President, will be the speakers. The Sec. is Mr. J. S. Dyer, 1, Springfield-lane, Ipswich, is the Secretary.

Teignbridge.—The Brotherhood Orchestra have won golden opinions from the inmates at Ministry of Pensions' Hospital, Orpington, whom they entertained, and during their visits gifts to the value of £100 have been distributed to the patients. Mr. W. Jenner, the conductor, and his orchestra have to be popularised in their brotherhood work.

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FREE.—An interesting work on the subject—"The Nerves and their Needs" will be sent free to all who write to J.C. Dept. 36, Fitzroy-sq., London W.1.—[Advt.]

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

Worry is Often the Cause.

Nervous dyspepsia is a disease of the nerves, not of the stomach. Indigestion one day, and complete freedom from symptoms the next usually means nervous dyspepsia, especially if the patient is of a nervous or highly emotional temperament.

The attacks recur at more or less regular intervals, and are often brought on by nervous excitement. A sick feeling after eating, sometimes vomiting, a weak shakiness "gone" feeling when the stomach is empty—these are the usual symptoms.

Dr. Williams' pink pills are especially useful to sufferers from nervous dyspepsia, as they not only build up the general physical condition, but also act directly upon the nerves, strengthening and revitalising them. These pills afford the most correct and successful way in which nervous dyspepsia can be treated.

If you are a sufferer from any of the symptoms described, do not delay but begin a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of course, or direct from address below 3s. 6d. per box, post free. Good for men and women too.

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100,000 Xmas Stockings to be given away!

OXO's Wonderful Offer Doubled!

In view of the widespread appreciation of their happy gift of Xmas Stockings, and the joy of so many children looking forward to receiving them, OXO Limited have decided to increase the limit of 50,000 Stockings to

100,000

The sure knowledge that 100,000 children may now participate is a greater incentive than ever to secure this lovely Xmas Gift.

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TELEPHONE: "PEOPLES" 2440-41.

THE DISEASE AND THE REMEDY.

Mr. Baldwin, in his recent speeches, has laid his finger on the disease that is eating out the economic heart of this nation, and announced the remedy which he proposes to apply. And like a man of courage, he has declared his determination to stand or fall by his conclusions. That is the kind of fighter we like; that is the fighter who wins in the end.

His remedy is protection for British industries against foreign competitors, who shelter themselves behind high tariff walls. We are economically isolated, none of the nations follow us in our Free Trade policy; our own Dominions will not have it, and they are unanimous for the change proposed.

Even Labour is protectionist, and always has been. It protects its followers from cheap labour at home while leaving the door open for the admission of cheap products from abroad which swamp its own markets. Truly a lop-sided form of protection, as the Prime Minister has pointed out.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald puts forward what he calls an alternative programme, but this, when stripped of all rhetorical trimmings, amounts to a capital levy, a raid on the nation's accumulated wealth. In other words, he would seize the nation's capital to pay its debts and so bring industry to a complete standstill.

The only way to induce prosperity is to preserve the national credit and confidence and to increase production. And the only way to get increased production is to find markets at home and abroad for the nation's products. But while our markets are free and open to the world and the world's markets are closed to us the position is hopeless.

Only by protecting the home markets can our industrialists recover and maintain the high standard of living to which they rightly aspire. And the same applies to agriculture. Our farmers must be given a fair sporting chance of carrying on their industry at a reasonable profit.

There is no question of raising the price of food; it is merely a matter of giving people more money to buy it.

At Manchester on Friday night, Mr. Baldwin expressly declared against a tax on wheat or meat; he is seeking other means to help the farmer. It has been estimated that a 2s. bonus per bushel would increase the British wheat production by 750,000 acres in five years, and increased production means lower prices. It would also mean that fewer labourers would flock into the towns to compete with urban workers.

THE SIMPLE GREATNESS OF MR. BONAR LAW.

By the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT LONG OF WRAXALL.

I AM very reluctant to accede to the request which has been made to me that I should write an appreciation of Mr. Bonar Law. Reluctant, because I feel that it is impossible for anybody, far less myself, to do justice to the memory of so great and so good a man.

I first became acquainted with him when he entered the House of Commons. It was my good fortune to come across him accidentally on many occasions, and I can honestly say that from the very beginning of our acquaintance I felt that he was no ordinary member of Parliament.

In his private conversation he was extraordinarily simple, straightforward and almost humble in the statements that he made when arguing on any particular questions. He always gave me the impression at first that he had misgivings as to the value of his own opinions and the wisdom of his judgment, but if the question under consideration was an important one in regard to which action had to be taken in Parliament or elsewhere, when he had discussed the matter fully and had finally announced the conclusions at which he had arrived and had satisfied himself that the course he recommended was a right one, nothing on earth would shake him.

When the first great sorrow of his life overtook him, and he lost suddenly the wife to whom he was so greatly devoted, I think he felt that his foundations had been shaken, and for some considerable time he could not make up his mind what his future course was to be. We had, happily for me, become great personal friends.

I naturally, therefore, offered him such consolation as it is possible for one friend to offer to another in these tragic circumstances, and I begged him to devote himself with redoubled energy to his public work, but he told me that the main-spring had been broken; that he should give up Parliament and retire to private life. I argued with him many a time and oft, and I was bound to admit that I felt I had not shaken his determination.

Duty and Devotion.

After the election of 1922, on one occasion, when Mr. Balfour was absent, owing, I think, to illness (I do not remember exactly the facts), I found myself in charge of the Opposition business. There was a motion on the paper on one of the private members' nights raising some question of taxation.

I asked Mr. Bonar Law if he would take charge of this for the Opposition.

He declined, saying that he had made up his mind to give up politics, and that he would not attempt to make a speech of the kind which was required.

I pressed him, and I finally said to him, "Well, you must do what you think right. I can only tell you that I believe you will render an immense service to our Party if you will take charge and speak for them; we are, as you know, in a great minority, have suffered a big defeat, and a great deal depends upon the heart which can be put into our men in the House of Commons, and our followers in the country by what happens in the House of Commons, and I believe you can make the kind of speech which will command the attention and respect of the House of Commons, and at the same time give great satisfaction to our Party."

This conversation took place one evening in the House of Commons. He told me that he did not think he could undertake the task, but he would let me know in the morning. Next day he came to me as soon as the House met and said quite simply, without any preface, "I have thought it all over and I am prepared to do as you ask." He made an extraordinarily good speech, which attracted a great deal of attention at the time and gave our friends enormous satisfaction, and what pleased me most was that a day or two afterwards he said to me, "I think you are right; I must devote myself more and more to public work, and I hope you are right when you say that this will be the best remedy for my personal sorrow."

Rise to Leadership.

He and I often talked about this incident in later years, and I believe I am not wrong in saying that his success on this occasion largely governed him in his decision to give more time and attention to political affairs.

His speeches on the Tariff question were wonderfully good. He had a complete command of the whole subject. I have always thought that he understood it better, knew more about it than any other public man, and he always seemed to make his statements so clear and so easily understandable to those who knew far less than he did about it.

The story of his passing from under-secretary to the Opposition, and then to the leadership of the party, has been already told in far better language than I could hope to command, and I can only say that when it became necessary, owing to the greatly regretted resignation of Mr. Balfour, to find a successor in the leadership, I had no doubt that the decision to select him in place of either Mr. Chamberlain or myself was the right one.

PAGEANT OF EMPIRE.

CENTURY OF PROGRESS IN LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

The Lord Mayor's Show next Friday promises to be a pageant of Empire proportions in the arts of war and peace.

The presence in London of the Dominion Premiers, and the opening of the British Empire Exhibition, during his term of office, confirmed this idea to Mr. Louis Weitzmann, the Lord Mayor-Elect.

Weitzmann's programme and Nelson's marines will be contrasted with the forces of today and of the future, and special exhibitions will contrast the British Empire of a century ago and of the present day.

TALK OF THE PEOPLE.

By WIDEAWAKE.

What Lancashire Says.

The reception which was accorded to Mr. Baldwin's speech at Manchester on Friday was very remarkable. In the very centre of the Free Trade citadel a protective policy was warmly acclaimed. I wonder whether the Free Trade doctrinaires in the rest of the country will quote as eagerly as they used to do the slogan, "What Lancashire says to-day, England will say to-morrow."

No Tax on Food.

The Prime Minister was undoubtedly wise in making it quite clear that imported meat and wheat are not to be taxed. The essence of the whole argument in favour of protection is that this is the only practical policy with which to combat unemployment. A tax on food would not attain this end.

Lord Derby.

Lord Derby's support of the Government policy is exceedingly valuable. Apart altogether from his position in Lancashire, he is regarded by the man in the street as the embodiment of common sense. And don't let us forget that, however vociferous our cranks may be, Great Britain in the end is ruled by common sense.

The Coming Fight.

Political tacticians are already weighing the pros and cons of an early General Election. The issue really lies with the oppositions. Labour may not relish a fight in the country upon the question. Free Trade has never been a strong battle-cry with that party. If Labour were the only opposition, I believe the principle of protection would be accepted in the House, possibly with grumblings, but probably without challenge.

The Liberal Position.

The Liberals, especially the Wee Frees, must, however, throw down the gauntlet. Free Trade, whatever the circumstances and the past commitments of their leaders, is the only plank of their ricketty platform. If they acquiesce in the death of so-called Free Trade, they may just as well disband the Party. So I feel sure that if words have any meaning whatsoever, another General Election cannot be long delayed.

Yeovil and Rutland.

The maintenance of the Government majorities at the by-elections in Yeovil and Rutland is quite satisfactory. Mr. Baldwin's tariff pronouncement can scarcely have had time to influence the results. They would seem to show, however, that the electors in rural districts still distrust Labour too much to support it, even though they have not as yet much for which to thank the present Conservative Government. This, however, is in a fair way to be remedied.

Rabbits and—Rats!

Mr. MacDonald had better keep off rabbits and pheasants if he hopes for any support from agriculturists in his anti-tariff campaign. "In Dorset," he says, "I saw more rabbits and pheasants than ears of wheat." Possibly he did, but why? Because wheat, thanks to the policy pursued by him and his friends, does not pay for growing, and rabbits and pheasants have a way of growing by themselves if left alone.

During recent years hundreds of large estates have been broken up and sold, with the result that hundreds of small cultivators have gone into bankruptcy and hundreds—we might say thousands—more are on the verge of similar disaster.

If War Came.

The ears of wheat would soon increase if they promised any profit for the labourer, who, after all, is worthy of his hire, and has a keen eye to his business. If there were any substantial prospects in farming the farmer would "make the land blossom like the rose," without the labour leader's assistance, for he knows how to do it, and Mr. MacDonald does not. If present conditions are maintained, the orator of the Hotel Belgravia will soon see more rabbits and pheasants and fewer ears of wheat than ever, and not in Dorset alone. And when he has reduced our navy sufficiently to square with the Socialist aims of his party, he may have cause to wonder how he is going to supplement the supply from overseas.

Arabella's Sewing.

Mother returning from church on a Sunday morning found her infant ironing the doll's clothes with a toy iron. Mother was indignant at this breach of the strictest rules relating to conduct on the Sabbath. "I am surprised and angry, Arabella! What would the Lord say if he saw you ironing your doll's clothes on a Sunday?" "Oh, Mummie," replied the child, "if the Lord saw, He wouldn't say nothin' for He would see that this blessed little iron's not hot."

Mr. Poincaré's Dilemma.

No one can envy M. Poincaré in his predicament. Behind him France is solid in demanding the exaction of impossible terms by impossible means from crumpling Germany. At the same time he is faced by the world insisting on using a little common sense to secure for all creditors as much as possible from the debtor.

A Bonar Law Souvenir.

Although, of course, at present there is no material memorial of the late Mr. Bonar Law within the Parliamentary precincts, the Smoking Room of the House of Commons contains the beautiful silver chess trophy—a model of the Clock Tower—which he presented more than twenty years ago, and which affords eloquent testimony of his great devotion to the game. It contains on one side a view in relief of the Parliament buildings, and on the other the names of Mr. Reginald McKenna, and Mr. Bonar Law himself, who won it in 1908 and 1910 respectively. It has never since been competed for.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By THE LOUNGER.

FIVE years ago next Sunday hostilities ceased and people began to breathe freely and to think about repairing the economic ravages caused by the war. Yet to-day hundreds of families are herded together like cattle because they cannot find homes to live in. In London, in Birmingham, in Swindon—to take only three important industrial centres—the result is

that help is not made to the thousands of asbestos-lined wooden huts which were used for Government service. In the little island of Guernsey the authorities were faced with a similar shortage. They sent the parson of St. Peter's in the Woods (a fitting name for a person of the best type) to London with a purse of money, and when I went there subsequently he showed me a number of transformed "hutments" in which small families were living in snug comfort.

Temporary "villages" of this kind would help to decrease the congestion which is causing discomfort and ill-health to many men who have a right to expect better things in the world they fought for, and—even more important—to the children who may be its defenders in years to come.

THE new proposals of the Miners' Federation—which include a 20 per cent. increase in the minimum wage and a bigger share of the "surplus"—mark another step in the struggle between the man who cuts the coal and the capitalist demands the lion's share of the profit on the ground that he risks his capital; the miner retorts that he also risks a somewhat important consideration—his life.

Zola, in "Germinal," draws a terrible picture of a strike in the days when women and even children worked underground with the men; I would like to see a free copy of the book presented to everybody connected with the industry.

Happily the understanding between the parties has improved, and one hopes that while the coal-owners will meet the workers in a liberal spirit, the men will not push their demands so far as to endanger the life of the goose that lays the golden egg.

IN the club the other evening they were discussing football prospects for the season, and a lusty fellow just home from Singapore told me that the Chinese there have taken to the game with great enthusiasm. They have got together some very strong teams, trained by Europeans, and have more than once beaten their masters at the own game. They gave one or two remarkable teams the surprise of their lives.

Your Chinese does not care a tittle for physical pain and a bunch of them is part of the day's work. It would be amusing to see a team of Orientals, captained by a mandarin of the first grade (with sash and button), taking the field against the "Sous" at the Crystal Palace. My friend says it would be a good idea to put salt on the yellow men's pigtail.

I READ with regret that 2,000 bison are to be slaughtered at Buffalo Park, Alberta, owing to the prevalence of disease having increased from 716 to 8,300 animals. Many of them, however, will still be preserved in the form of dainty edibles.

In my younger days I shot hundreds of these useful beasts in company with my friends, Natty Bumppo (Leatherstocking), Chingachgook, and Uncas (by arrangement with the late Mr. Fenimore Cooper), and I even invented a special form of pemmican, made from Sunday joint and certain secret ingredients. This, carried in a small tin box, would sustain life during an entire half-day in the bitterest winter weather. I am an old man now, and the wild still sounds in my ears, but the call of the corner 'nights' but the call of the wild still sounds in my ears.

It seems a pity that those days on the prairie should be forgotten. Could not a few of the bison be sent over and turned out in the New Forest?

Moved by these reflections, I took my old rifle from the box in which I had lain unused throughout the year, drew out the long ramrod, held it in my hand the heavy cork which the brethren had done such deadly execution. I showed it reverently to my little son, but he was too busy with his wireless set to listen to me.

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur illis.

In Memoriam.

The suggestion which has already been made for the erection of a Parliamentary memorial of some kind to the late Mr. Bonar Law is, I understand, likely to crystallise when the House of Commons reassembles on Tuesday week. In view of the outstanding position at St. Stephen's of the deceased statesman a desire is likely to be expressed that his emoji should be placed on one of the vacant pedestals in the Common lobby. The only statue yet in that apartment is that of Sir William Harcourt, but that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is now so far advanced that it may be expected to be erected some time next year.

New Ambassador to Berlin.

Sir Horace Rumbold, who is to succeed Lord Abernon as British Ambassador in Berlin, leaves his post in Turkey full of honour. Those who were present in Constantinople during the critical days when a small British force and British diplomacy alone protected the defenceless foreigners in that city are loud in his praise. General Sir Charles Harington was the ideal soldier for the job, and Sir Horace was the best of Ambassadors.

Unworthy Tactics.

Some time ago "The People" pointed out the efforts made by foreign importers—often aliens—to prevent the Merchant Marks Bill becoming law. As it is probable the Government will in the coming session give facilities for this measure, which has now passed through Committee, these interests are carrying on a vigorous campaign to induce members to vote against the Bill. The unworthy arguments being employed are that the Bill will raise the price of the people's food, and that retailers will accordingly have to put up their prices. Members are appealed to by circular letter to prevent this result, over the prospect of which the retailers are shedding "tears."

The Harcourt Wedding.

The wedding of the Hon. Olivia Harcourt reminds me (writes a correspondent) of a striking personal incident which occurred when the suffragette movement was at its height and it was war to the knife with the Government of the day. The bride's father—then Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt—who was keenly opposed to the policy adopted by those misguided women, stated in the House of Commons that some of the more dangerous of them had endeavoured to set fire to his residence at Nuneham Park, and he added with intense bitterness, they chose for preference the wing in which his children were sleeping. One of those children is now the Hon. Olivia Mulholland!

This Freedom.

I saw the Rt. Hon. Edwin Montagu the other day looking as cheerful as the proverbial cricket. He soon cheered up after he left the India Office, and now that he is no longer even a member he looks positively radiant. There is something to be said in favour of business, especially if it is minding one's own instead of bearing the burdens of a great Department of State.

The City Treasures.

The British Exhibition authorities are trying to induce the City of London to take part in their show, it being suggested that a pavilion might be erected with a display therein of City treasures. The idea does not up to the present seem to find very much favour, and its execution must be regarded as doubtful—at present.

Getting a Move On.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., may not have known very much about his job at the Ministry of Health at the start, but he is shaping excellently. He is showing extraordinary courtesy and promptness in dealing with all representations made to him, and if he continues on the present lines he will be a striking success. He said to himself that he intended to get "a move on" with the Housing Act, and that is his policy. The agricultural districts are, though, moving very slowly in putting forward schemes.

If War Came.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., may not have known very much about his job at the Ministry of Health at the start, but he is shaping excellently. He is showing extraordinary courtesy and promptness in dealing with all representations made to him, and if he continues on the present lines he will be a striking success. He said to himself that he intended to get "a move on" with the Housing Act, and that is his policy. The agricultural districts are, though, moving very slowly in putting forward schemes.

A SAVINGS ASSOCIATION WILL HELP YOU

A SAVINGS ASSOCIATION offers you the easiest and most profitable means for regular week-by-week saving. If there is no Association which you can conveniently join, you and your friends or fellow workers can easily form one. Write for full particulars of easy-to-work schemes—free on request. You may use the coupon below. (No stamp required on the envelope).

To The National Savings Committee, Princes House, Euston, London

BURIAL OF MR. BONAR LAW.**ABBEY CEREMONY TO-MORROW.**
THE PRINCE'S PART.
TRAFFIC PLANS.

The remains of Mr. Bonar Law, Great Britain's first Dominion-born Prime Minister, whose death on Tuesday last followed an acute attack of septic pneumonia, will be buried in Westminster Abbey at noon to-morrow.

Yesterday, the anniversary of the burial of Mr. Bonar Law's wife at Helensburgh in 1909, the ex-Premier's body was cremated at Golders Green Crematorium, only relatives and intimate friends being present.

The Prince of Wales will represent the King at the Abbey ceremony. He will also act as principal pall-bearer, the others being:

The Prime Minister. Lord Carson. Lord Balfour. Mr. Austin Chamberlain. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Lord Pirrie.

In the choir will be accommodation for the mourners, the Prime Minister, Cabinet Ministers, Dominion Premiers, and other overseas representatives. Seats will be provided for other ticket-holders in a part of the nave and the transepts.

The general public will be admitted to a part of the north transept without tickets.

The grave will be in the second bay from the organ screen in the south side of the nave, and this bay will be reserved in future for the burial of statesmen, while the corresponding bay on the north side will be reserved for men of science and letters.

PROCESSION ROUTE.

On the way to the Abbey the ashes will be taken to the Presbyterian Church of St. Columba, Pont-st., S.W., where Mr. Bonar Law attended, for a service at 10.30 a.m. At 11 a.m. the cortège will leave the church.

It is to this church that all flowers should be sent not later than nine a.m. to-morrow.

The funeral procession will leave St. Columba's at 10.50, and will arrive at the Great West Door of the Abbey at 11.50. The route will be:

Walton-street Hobart-place Pont-street Grosvenor-gdns. Chesham-place Victoria-street Belgrave-square Broad Sanctuary Upper Belgrave-eq.

Traffic on the route, excepting in Victoria-st., is to be stopped at 10 a.m., but traffic conveying persons to St. Columba, or Westminster Abbey, will be allowed to proceed to their destinations.

Traffic is to be diverted at 10.45 from Victoria-st., excepting that portion between Vauxhall Bridge-rd. and Buckingham Palace-rd., where traffic is to be allowed to run as long as possible.

West-bound traffic is to be diverted along the east side of Parliament-av., and thence by way of Old Palace Yard, Abingdon-st., Millbank, Wood-st., Great Peter-st., Rochester-row, Vauxhall Bridge-rd., Gillingham-st., and Eccleston-st. to Buckingham Palace-rd. East-bound traffic is to proceed in the reverse direction to Victoria Station is to be allowed to cross the road at the junction of Victoria-st. and Buckingham Palace-rd., as long as it can safely be permitted to do so. This traffic may also go by way of Buckingham Palace-rd.

Traffic in Sloane-st. is to be stopped and diverted as may be necessary. In Buckingham Palace-rd., west of Victoria Station, traffic will be allowed to proceed as far as circumstances permit.

[In Page Eight appears an appreciation of Mr. Bonar Law by Viscount Long of Wroxall.]

CANARIES PAY RENT!**BREEDERS' HOBBY PROVES A LUCRATIVE ONE.****M.P.s AS FILM STARS.****CHARITY PICTURE AND £150 COMPENSATION.**

Two M.P.s gave evidence yesterday before Mr. Justice Darling in the King's Bench Division when the Union Jack Picture Plays, Ltd., unsuccessfully claimed damages from the Gaumont Co., Ltd., for the alleged detention of five reels of the negative of a film entitled "It is for England," which was cut down to fit into a film entitled "The Hidden Hand."

Sir William Bull, M.P., said that after an interview with Mr. Laurence Cowen, of the Union Jack Co., he arranged for a number of M.P.s to take part in a mock debate. He understood it was for the Navy League and entirely for charity.

Mr. P. J. Hannan, M.P., then secretary of the League, said that in June, 1915, the Navy League paid Mr. Cowen £150 as compensation on his giving an undertaking to eliminate the name of the League in future in connection with the film.

In his summing up the judge said that it was agreed the negative claimed were cut out of the film "It is for England," but defendants said they had no particular instructions in regard to the omitted portions, and that all the "cut out" had been returned to plaintiffs. The Gaumont Company said they had not got it.

The jury, without leaving the box, found for the Gaumont Company, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs.

TWELVE MONTHS' SILENCE.

Messages between Husband and Wife Sent by Little Girl.

For 12 months a husband and wife refused to speak to each other though they lived together and sat at the same table for meals. If they had anything to communicate they would send messages by their little daughter.

This statement was made by Mr. Fairbairn, junr., for the wife, who summoned her husband Frederick Green, of Hampstead, for desertion, before the Tottenham magistrates.

Defendant said that his wife nagged him so much that at last he had to ask his firm to transfer him to Woolwich.

The case was adjourned for a month with a view to a reconciliation.

Patent Sunday will be observed to-day.

Mary-til-Hill Church, Monument, when the Rector (Rev. Carlie) invites the congregation to bring potatoes to feed the destitute in Church Army Homes. In the evening Preliminary Carlie will preach on "Potato Sunday."

The historic Garrick Temple on the roadside, at Hampton, which was threatened, will be preserved. Mr. R. Evans, who lives on a houseboat, has agreed to build a house upon the lawn.

Garrick Temple and to link the new house to the Temple.

CAUGHT ON LINE OF DEATH.**BARONET'S COUSIN.**
CORONER AND RECEIVING ORDER.

Accidental death was the verdict at the inquest held by the Watford coroner at Radlett yesterday on Mr. Augustus Gerald Duncombe (73), of Avonmore-rd., West Kensington, whose mutilated body was found on the line near Radlett Station, London Midland and Scottish Railway, late on Wednesday night.

Sir George A. Duncombe, of Henley, Herts., a cousin, gave evidence of identification. So far as he knew, he said, his cousin, who was unmarried, had no troubles.

Mr. Duncombe's valet, Edgar James Wrigley, said there was nothing unusual about his master when he last saw him on Wednesday.

Evidence was given concerning the finding of the body on the railway. The driver of the engine which killed Mr. Duncombe thought one of the buffer plates must have struck the man, who must have been standing upright. There was a thick fog at the time.

Loftus M. Thornhill, a member of Arthur Club, London, of which Mr. Duncombe was also a member, said that on Tuesday Mr. Duncombe seemed in excellent spirits and appeared to have no troubles. He was very feeble—more feeble than the average man of his age—and his eyesight was second-rate.

The coroner said that some documents on or near the body pointed to a receiving order in bankruptcy having been made upon Mr. Duncombe.

Mr. Walter Trowell, of Trowell and Still, solicitors, said the coroner's intimation was the first he had heard of that matter. He added that many years ago there had been bankruptcy proceedings against Mr. Duncombe, but his cousin, Sir George Duncombe, then bought up his interests. During the past year or so, however, Mr. Duncombe had received an allowance from his brother of about £700 a year, in addition to other items which he received from time to time.

If Mr. Duncombe wanted money at any time he had only to go to him (witness) to get it.

The coroner said some men might have been distressed by the receipt of letters from the official receiver, and orders in bankruptcy, but in the present case the man had had such letters on previous occasions, and it might not therefore have adversely affected him again.

POPPY DAY WARNING.

Poppies Day, the proceeds of which are to be observed next Saturday.

Be sure that you buy your Poppy only from those wearing official Poppy badges and carrying collecting boxes labelled "Earl Haig's Fund".

Large quantities of bogus poppies are being exported from Germany, and these may be offered for sale by hawkers.

CARUSO'S WIDOW.**ENGAGED TO MARRY RICH SCOTSMAN.**

Caruso's widow, who was Miss Dorothy Benjamin, daughter of a famous New York lawyer, is engaged to be married, says a Reuter message.

Her future husband is Captain G. A. Ingram, a wealthy Scotsman. Signora Caruso was in London a few days ago and stayed at the Carlton Hotel. Her baby, Gloria, Caruso's adored daughter, was not with her.

Signora Caruso's father was against her first marriage with the great singer, as there was so great a difference in their ages, and because of the difference in nationality.

Nevertheless his daughter married the singer, but her father cut her off with a dollar, leaving £12,000 and a house to a governess.

[See also page 8.]

THE MEDICINE THAT REACHES THE LUNGS.

RANKER OFFICERS.



LET 'EM ALL COME.

BIGAMY FOR A LIVING.**MARRYING ONLY TO ROB.****TWO WOMEN VICTIMS.**
VANISHING TRICK.

A professional bigamist who is wanted by the police in Berlin and Vienna has been living in London during the last six months, and has, according to reports, succeeded in marrying two women, both of whom he robbed of a large sum before deserting them.

His real name is Richard Sigmond Engel, but he has a number of aliases, two of his recent ones being Alexander Gordon and James King.

On August 9 last, Gordon, purporting to be a wealthy merchant, married Mrs. Alyce Shedd, an American widow, at a register office, and six days after he left the Savoy Hotel with jewellery worth £1,500. He went through another marriage ceremony with a young woman living in Hamps-

ted, under the name of King.

Scotland Yard have issued a description of the man, but it is believed he has left England for the Continent. He is known to have a beautiful French wife in Vienna to whom he is greatly attached. She is said to know of her husband's matrimonial troubles in England. He is known to carry a loaded revolver, has blue eyes, and a peculiar cleft chin, which should make him readily recognizable unless he has

shaved his face.

The deluded woman is practically penniless, and before he left the man called at the flat in her absence, taking away all luggage and marriage licence.

One of the preparations for the Canadian expedition was that Mrs. "King" should transfer her capital of £5,700 in War Loan to his bank, which she readily did.

The couple then returned from Paris

and the "bridegroom" went to Southampton "on banking business."

His last "wife" has never seen him since, and the money she passed to him was never placed in the bank he named.

The deluded woman is practically penniless, and before he left the man called at the flat in her absence, taking away all luggage and marriage licence.

The gift of this "picnic park," which is 10 acres in extent, has given delight throughout the city. Mr. Mallett is the head of a wealthy firm in the West Country and an old Bond-st., London, jeweller's and antique dealer.

It was stated at the Portsmouth meeting that, of these 2,000, as many as 2,400 are organised in the groups of the British Legion. A proposal to organise a Hampshire group was approved, and Captain F. Buck, late R.E., undertook the duties of hon. secretary. Officers are invited to communicate with Captain Buck at the Headquarters, British Legion, Portsmouth.

ARM AND THE MAN.

SERIE BEDROOM THIEF IN DAYLIGHT.

Mr. W. T. Lynn, of Plovers-buildings, Temple, E.C., who has been very ill, was lying on his bed yesterday afternoon, when he was surprised to see a man's arm appear round the door and remove his waistcoat, which contained his watch and chain.

He got off the bed, called out, and followed the man, who was stopped and given in charge. The waistcoat and contents were afterwards found in the lobby.

There have been several robberies in the Temple recently.

OLD ETONIANS UPSET.

Four Old Etonians were returning by car to Oxford from Eton at night, when the car ran down a bank into a stream.

Mr. Llewellyn Davies, who was in the Eton eleven two seasons ago, was one of the party.

The accident happened in a dense fog, and the travellers missed the road over a bridge.

None of the party was much hurt, but one was much upset at the loss of a favourite pipe! They went on in another vehicle.

STRAIN ON TAXIMEN.

Mr. H. R. Gould, the Fulham coroner, holding an inquest yesterday on a taxi driver who died shortly after setting down a fare at the residence of Lord Beauchamp, suggested that periodic medical examinations should be held for London taxi drivers.

M. POINCARE STILL ADAMANT.**REPARATION INQUIRY.**
LIMITATION OF SCOPE INSISTED ON.

M. Poincaré's further communication regarding the restrictions he has insisted on placing upon the scope of the activities of the proposed Expert Committee to study the reparations problem was received at the British Embassy yesterday afternoon.

Earlier in the day Lord Crewe called on M. Poincaré and discussed the text of the invitation to America to join the Experts Committee.

Reuter has reason to believe that the French Premier's letter, though couched in the friendliest terms, does not modify his insistence on the necessity for limiting the scope of the Committee of Experts.

M. Poincaré expresses the hope that the British Government will ultimately be converted to the French view that the powers of the Committee must not exceed the limits laid down in the Treaty, and that only Germany's "present" capacity for payment should be discussed by it, because, among other reasons, it is contended it is impossible to fix the capacity except for a very short period.

Moreover, the letter points out neither the Reparations Commission nor a *fortiori* a committee of experts can decide to reduce the German debt, as this would require an unanimous decision on the part of the Allied Governments.

£1,000 WAGES GONE.**BOX RIFLED IN BUSY EVER-OPEN OFFICE.**

Over £1,000 in a box in a private office at the Western Union Telegraph Company, Great Winchester-street, London, E.C., has mysteriously disappeared.

The police reported the facts to the Carnegie Hero Trust and the Royal Humane Society, with the result that Major Lafone was now enabled to present Franklin with an oak-framed certificate of the Trust and a cheque for £15, and a testimonial on parchment by the Royal Humane Society both to Franklin and the boy Shine.

Franklin, though he bears an excellent character, has been out of work for some time, and Major Lafone expressed the hope that someone, reading the story of his remarkable gallantry, might be moved to come forward to assist in finding him regular work both for his own sake and for that of his wife and children.

IVY HILL—NO FOUL PLAY.

"Found Drowned" was the verdict at the resumed inquest at Westminster on Ivy Hill, Hill (33), of Kitson-rd., Camberwell. It was established that there was no ground for the suspicion of foul play, and it was stated that the girl, who had been a chronic sufferer and was neurotic, had an obsession that "a funny old man" was following her.

As a Peps tablet dissolves on the tongue the valuable medicine locked up in the preserving silver wrapper is released in the form of air. This air then circulates with the breath through the air-passages that extend from the nostrils down

the throat, through the bronchial tubes, and into the innermost corners of the lungs. As our diagram shows, the Peps medicinal fumes are breathed direct into the lungs.

Peps carry comfort and lasting help to vital spots which cannot be reached by liquid physic swallowed into the stomach.

Peps

Peps quickly destroy and remove the germs that cause soreness and inflammation in the throat and chest. Peps loosen the phlegm in the bronchial, make breathing easy, and soon banish that hacking

cough, that sense of suffocation, and that painful chest tightness. Bronchitis and hundred ailments are thus robbed of their terror.

Being entirely free from narcotics and drying drugs, Peps can with perfect safety be given to the youngest child and the freest invalid. Peps are the incomparable remedy for coughs, colds and coughs, asthma, whooping cough, whooping cough, croup and other prevalent throat and chest troubles of young and old alike.

REDUCED PRICES

PEPS are now reduced from 2/- to 1/8 a box. Large size reduced from 5/- to 3/- Do not rely upon mere sweets which possess no curative value. Peps are a Genuine Throat and Chest Medicine.

THE ONLY WAY TO CURE DEEP SEATED COUGHS.

COLDS & BRONCHITIS.

LUCKY IN LOVE.

The Enthralling Adventures of a "Beauty Shop" Girl.

THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Marie Louise Threadgold, assistant to a beauty specialist, is persuaded by a beautiful and wealthy young man to accompany her at a masquerade supper, followed by a ball. She is told that she "fits" with the men there, and this she does very cleverly. It is a difficult task, for she finds herself an object of rivalry between two of the guests, one dressed as a "Fighting Ant," who proves to be an awkward customer to deal with.

When the dance finishes at midnight Marie Louise tries to get away, but when she does this she cannot get the party to go on to some other resort for moonlight dancing. Of course, they motor to their destination, and the "Fighting Ant" manouvers Marie Louise, or Celia as she is supposed to be, into his car with him alone. He is savagely jealous, and an exciting scene takes place during the journey, and the "Fighting Ant" is dragged out of the chauffeur's seat.

Arrived at her supposed destination, Marie Louise finds herself in the midst of a dancing crowd, but nowhere can she discover her friends. The dancers are in evening dress, and are all in costumes in fancy costumes. An exciting scene for a bit missing party follows, in which she is assisted by a bold, comical little fat man, who makes persistent love to her. To make matters worse her chauffeur and the car are missing, and she cannot get away.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued).

Guests in the Wrong House.

SAW it all now. Of course, that was what must have happened. The wrong house!

My chauffeur had asked at the lodge merely if this was the house where the dance was going on. On being told yes, he had naturally imagined that it would be the dance to which Lady Portcullis was bringing on her Fancy Dress party. But no doubt there were dances going on at half the big houses in the neighbourhood that night. Why, it was the season for dances; it was the sort of Carnival moonlight weather made for dances.

such a natural mistake! But how doubly unfortunate that it should have happened that night—and to me!

The pleasant-faced Mrs. Wynn-Harrison asked: "What was the name of the people to whom you were being taken?"

"Goodness only knows," I told her truthfully, despairingly. "I have not the slightest idea what people they were."

I went on to explain about not having expected to motor on to the country, about how our party had been for the Bal Masque at the Albert Hall, etc.; about how Lady Portcullis had thought so much more romantic, etc., etc. Really I cursed the woman's absurd predilection for romance.

But now, what? Must I go searching in every Thame Valley to discover in which riverside house Lady Portcullis could be even then gaily dancing?

Perhaps the maids will know about it," suggested Mrs. Wynn-Harrison, turning to the maid-waitress behind the desk. "Brown's, Saunders?" Do you know where there is a dance on this evening at Jett's or Rushcroft, or any of the houses quite near?

The maid (full of eyes and interest) had not heard of any.

Of course, it might be an impromptu affair, got up on the spur of the moment, in which Lady Portcullis herself had been only that evening.

How would it be to telephone to one of the biggest houses in this area?

It was, of course, my fat friend, Mr. Gangler, all helpfulness and courtesy! She offered to telephone. Quickly he took down the book; swiftly he rolled to the telephone at the other end of the room, while Mrs. Wynn-Harrison and I, of course, prepared to listen in.

I add that it would be upon an occasion like this that the line was out of course, and that the Wynn-Harrison's telephone had broken down altogether! What that settles it. You will have to be here the night," announced Mrs. Wynn-Harrison, cheerfully.

With the hospitable creature known to intimation into which I was flung by kindly invitation.

The night there, indeed! That was the best thing to be done. Imagine staying the night in this house, where the line was out of order and from I couldn't possibly get on to Celia or her what had happened to her study. Imagine staying the night out of Town, when, to begin with, to shed my fine feathers, resume old-day garments and get back to my old job next morning at 9.30.

Nothing monotonous by my various appointments of from nine-thirty to two sunburn-masks to be given, throat massage, treatment for eye-instruction in hip-reducing...

the scene-behind-the-scenes" Arbordale's if one of their more experienced nurses did not appear to time next morning!

Well, the rest of to-night had to be lived through first.

The Missing Chauffeur.

Thank you so very much. It is more in kind of you, Mrs. Wynn-Harrison. I think that what I had better do get back to Town to my own house" (house was good). "Could my car be for at once, please?"

"Of course, my dear, if you would rather," agreed the kind little man in black-and-silver—while I in my fat friend's face clouded over the thought that already I must

"What name shall I say?"

It is Miss Celia Scandole's car," only too thankful that I need say any more about this. "I think you know the name. He—he isn't my chauffeur," I added, equally fully. "He's just a driver who was here the evening by somebody else, matter of fact. I told him that I was ready to start back to Town in an hour's time. I expect he will come."

After inquiries showed that Miss Celia's car was not waiting,

the report came back that Miss Celia's chauffeur had only looked into Albert Hall, had taken a ham sandwich and a glass of beer and had gone away. He had said, according to the maid, that it wasn't hardly while taking and garaging the car a little time as his young lady waiting. Then he had gone out to again. Then, apparently, he had turned. "I'm off for a drive on him," explained the maid in a half-logic-indicating, I suppose, that was no accounting for the tastes of the man who when he could enjoy a nice sit down and a talk and a bit nothing to eat, had chosen to go on a solitary joy ride at that time of morning.

He will be back as any moment, I

expect," said I, lightly. "If I may wait.

No, please, promise me, will you, not to look upon me as an insane trespasser with a maniac fit, foisting myself into strange Hallrooms?

"Dear Miss Scandole," beamed the hostess (she had caught Celia's name quite correctly, and possibly knew it already). "Dear Miss Scandole, I am delighted to have had even this glimpse of you and of your very pretty frock. I only wish that we had met before so that this really might have been the right house for your dance. But, at least, you won't go just yet, even when your car does come round?"

"Won't you give us the pleasure of seeing you for just a little portion of an hour longer, as the French say?" Do—do have supper. Sit down here."

She patted the sap-green cushions of a low seat and then turned to my fat friend, who had been looing at my elbow while we were talking. "Mr. Callender, have you been making friends with Miss Scandole?"

"Alas, yes. To my sorrow," replied the Captive Balloon, inflating and then deflating himself in a vast hurricane of a sigh. Behind this foolery his chinless blue eyes remained fixed steadily and pitilessly upon my face. "I did but see her passing by, and yet I love her till I die."

A hackneyed quotation. Alas! a hackneyed situation. I have made friends.

"Lovers that might have been"—but I have made friends."

"Then, do get her some supper, you absurd dear, instead of standing prattling there. I must rush and see which of the girls can play for us in the Interval, when the band goes off. My niece Maude promised she would. But what can you hope for from an engaged girl in a house with a garden on a mid-summer night like this?" laughed Mrs. Wynn-Harrison.

"Good-bye for the present!" She was off.

Rufus Arrives.

I sat down. The Captive Balloon, bouncing to and fro between my seat and the Buffet, brought ambrosial chicken-in-aspic, broiled heavenly salad, brought French rolls and butter, brought strawberries and cream.

I ate like a schoolgirl on a Saint's day, I ate as though that wonderful dinner at Claridge's had never been. So much in the way of energy had been taken out of me since that dinner. I am bound to confess that this supper did a great deal to put it back. With every mouthful I felt vigour, energy returning to me—heat for any late being Captain of my Soul—all that sort of thing.

The resolution filled me to finish this evening to style and without any further qualms.

"Some more fruit, O Fairies of Eve's Daughters!" suggested the Captive Balloon, a little huskily. "Grapes cooled in snow! Peaches to the peach!"

"Thank you, I should love a peach," I confessed, half-asashed to seem so ravenous.

Lightly, the Captive Balloon bounced off on his short legs towards the buffet again. At that moment there appeared suddenly in the other doorway a figure I knew.

Here, at last—at last! In the middle of all these perfectly unknown girls and men who were coming and going, eating and drinking, talking and smoking around me, here was one of the party with whom I had partaken this unbelievable evening, and who, therefore, seemed quite an old friend.

"Rufus!" I cried out in delighted recognition.

Indeed, yes; here he was! in all his Fancy Dress bravery of brocade coat, silver very tie-backs, apricot velvet knee-breeches and white silk stockings, looking too absurdly decorative against the youths in their conventional black and white. Here was Rufus, who had been left behind, as I thought, at the Albert Hall.

Putting down my empty ice-plate, I sprang to my feet.

"Rufus," I cried, as reproachfully as if he were my own defaulting brother. "Where have you been all this time?"

"I know it's the wrong house," broke in Rufus, light-heartedly. "These aren't Lady Portcullis' friends at all."

"So I discovered myself," said I impatiently. "The question is, where are Lady Portcullis' friends!"

"In the right house, I expect! Guests in the wrong house—that's what we are, Cinderella. Everybody notes us."

Several fresh people, having come to supper, were raising at the group we made. I suppose we must have looked somewhat like a scene out of "The School for Scandal"—wrigged, broadened and full of animated talk as we were.

"Well, now you have come you'll have to take me to the people," said I. "It is for off!"

"I shouldn't think so," said Rufus. "The fact is, I haven't been there myself."

"Then you made a mistake, too! And how did you come if you weren't with the others?"

"I came in a pumpkin drawn by white mice," said Rufus raggedly. "The main point is that I got here, isn't it? Now, tell me, we parted so abruptly at the Albert Hall! Had you meant we all the same?"

"Did You Miss Me?"

Of this I took no notice, for there was an eminently tender note in his tone, and the one thing I would not have to night was any more of that. So I said abruptly. "Well, what we have to do if we can't find Lady Portcullis is to get back to Town."

"In all this hurry and rush? Before you tell me"—he dropped his voice and twinkled down at me, and I saw that his eyes were very brown and bright, with golden lashes made dark by contrast to his wig. "Tell me, did you miss me? I wish, you would answer a man's question."

"I wish, Rufus, that you would be sensible and tell me."

"That's what I want to do. To tell you lots of things. Come out, won't you?"

"Ow!"

"Yes, in the garden. Get your wrap

and come. It's divine out. Don't waste

all this perfectly good moonlight, my child. Or, when you are an old lady, and your rheumatism is so bad you dare't venture into the dew, you'll say, "And to think that once when I was a girl there was a moonlight night by the river and I wouldn't go out in it. What a waste!"

"Dear Miss Scandole," beamed the hostess (she had caught Celia's name quite correctly, and possibly knew it already). "Dear Miss Scandole, I am delighted to have had even this glimpse of you and of your very pretty frock. I only wish that we had met before so that this really might have been the right house for your dance. But, at least, you won't go just yet, even when your car does come round?"

"Won't you give us the pleasure of seeing you for just a little portion of an hour longer, as the French say?"

"Alas, yes. To my sorrow," replied the Captive Balloon, inflating and then deflating himself in a vast hurricane of a sigh.

"I am being regarded as a rival."

